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THE CARMELITE

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CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
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FIVE CENTS



SEASON'S CURTAIN AT FOREST THEATER

At a meeting last week the Board of Directors of the Forest Theater decided to abandon plans for the production of Carroll Aikin's "The God of Gods," tentatively scheduled for Golf Tournament week. Limitations of time and difficulties in casting, arising from numerous counter-activities, favored the decision.

"The God of Gods" was to have rounded out the season at the Forest Theater; with its abandonment the curtain is rung down on this year's activities. The fare has been scant, compared with preceding years, but it reflects no diminution of interest in this community undertaking. The financial position at the outset necessitated judicious management; it is to the credit of the Board that the deficit with which the season started has been cleared, current obligations met, and a balance carried forward sufficiently large to permit launching next year's program without practicalities dominating the scene.

AND NOW .. RUDHYAR

Next week's artist in the Wednesday morning recital series at La Ribera is D. Rudhyar, modernist composer, in a program of his own piano works.

Springing from a deep mysticism, the music of Rudhyar is a continuation of that musical stream of which Scriabin was typical. Its language is that of modern dissonance; its emotional content profoundly tragic.

Paul Rosenfeld has spoken of the compositions of Rudhyar with the greatest respect. While their first hearing may be difficult or strange, the sincerity of the composer, and the deep musicianship of the man, establish conviction in the hearer. Suddenly he finds himself surrounded by a welling of tone he can understand, has entered the music.

Rudhyar's program includes works recently written in Carmel.

RICHARD BUHLIG . PIANIST

Kissam Johnson reports driving down to the Point early on an evening of this week destined to full moon, and observing in front of each cottage door one dog (1) with head lifted, waiting to Tell It All when She should appear over the tree-tops.

Note.—The northwest and northeast corner lots, Dolores and Seventh, have been re-assessed at an increase of \$500 per lot; the remainder of the block at an increase of \$1000 per lot.

THE MYSTIC IN THE MACHINE AGE

La Ribera overflowed at all edges with auditors for the recital on Wednesday of Henry Cowell.

It was a program made entirely of his own compositions. Former recitals, or their playing by other artists, had made these compositions familiar and known to many of the group who heard. The preliminary agonies of experimental listening were over, the hostilities of mental inertias overcome. It was an audience to be proud of.

Henry Cowell has invented new ways of experiencing sound. Instead of observing it objectively and analytically, as with the old music, you must enter the whole wave of it, become drowned in it, become overwhelmed in its mass and volume.

To attempt to separate it into its component parts, pitches, intervals, triads, sevenths, fifteenths, is irrelevant and of the old order of listening.

This is direct and immediate music, which does not require the functioning of that intermediary and often impeding tool the intellect, for its most complete experience.

This is particularly true of compositions like "Tiger," and "Dynamic Motion" and "Antinomy," which are simple utterances of the sense of power. (They have programs, yes; but the inner and real content is the idea, "I am power.")

All of the work of Henry Cowell is completely intelligible music. It is also completely honest. He has not repudiated beauty, as so many moderns have, upon the authority of their own excellent and undeniable logic; but his music gives evidence again and again of a fine spirituality (we use the word in the blessed old-fashioned sense) as well as a simple sense of what is lovely.

Henry Cowell has opened new fields of sound to music, as Thomas Wilfred with the Clavilux has invented new and amazingly rich play with light. In each case the creative and inventive faculties are intermingled; even Cowell loses himself occasionally in the inventive play which manipulates and piles up tone-volume cloud-high.

The mind of this man is sweet and sunny like summer fruit. There is great pleasure in contact with it. In his relation with his audience he is simple and direct as a child, wistful as a child. Even the sophistications of the later machine age have not overcome the loveliness of things for him. The Irish mystic still shines through the "modernist composer."

—P. G. S.

SINGING FLESH

Elise Dufour came to Carmel last week; and to the delight of a group who met her at the Flavin house in the Highlands, illustrated, in the person of Shirley Ingram her pupil, her work in the modern dance.

The work of Miss Dufour follows logically from the leadership in other generations of such initiators as Isadora Duncan. It is free and spontaneous, yet full of patterned meaning. Most significant of all, the impulses of this dance come from the essential inner rhythms of the body, from the breath itself.

It is therefore no mere drawing of pretty lines or the taking of postures within narrow vocabularies such as the ballet once formulated.

With the breath as the generator of movements and rhythms, motion flows out of inner necessity. There is a convincing honesty in such dance.

It has also a literal vibrance. The body is like a string drawn taut to a fine high-pitched vibrato.

Miss Dufour spoke informally on the meaning of her work, and its profound bases. The phrase she used, "the singing flesh," found a delightful illustration in Shirley her pupil, whose three years of work with this remarkable teacher have turned her from clay to incandescence.

The work of Miss Dufour has been done chiefly in New York, Washington, and Paris. Her studio is at present in Hollywood.

THE FEDERATED MISSIONARY SOCIETY

of Carmel announces its regular monthly meeting to occur at half-past two next Wednesday afternoon in the Guild Hall at All Saints'. The speaker will be Mrs. T. C. Edwards of Pacific Grove.

UNCONFIRMED RUMORS OF PROGRESS

Lincoln street to be paved between Ocean and Seventh.

Medical-dental building to be erected on Dolores, between Seventh and Eighth.

THE UNCERTAINTIES OF BUSINESS LIFE

Mr. Joseph Schoeninger, Jr., and Mr. Casey Carter, joint proprietors of the Oasis Pop Stand, under a spreading tree on Carmelo, announce that they will suspend operations forthwith unless the thermometer can be stabilized at a point conducive to business.

Personal Bits . . .

After a year's absence in Europe, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kuster have returned to Carmel and are in the stone house on the Point.

The small Shim, aged five, has managed, in his year with Swiss and German nurses, to accept completely the German idiom.

"Drink up your milk," his mother reminded him the other day.

"No, I drink not up my milk!" indignantly he refused.

Meanwhile Carmel, warm with its welcome, offers to the returning three nothing less than the keys of the city.

■ ■

Edward Weston is exhibiting portraits and other camera studies at Courvoisier's Little Gallery, San Francisco, for the remainder of August.

■ ■

Henriette Michelson, pianist, has made her departure for New York after a summer spent in the studio of Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous.

A difficult arm has prevented Miss Michelson's being heard, as announced, in the Wednesday morning summer series of concerts at La Ribera; but on Sunday evening, just before her departure, it had mended enough to be ready for a complete program.

Some fifty or sixty friends therefore heard her play Bach, Brahms, and Schumann through a long and leisured evening, in that informal ease in which music is heard at its best.

■ ■

Mrs. Grace Wallace continues her school-play group for little children at her cottage "Wee Gables." Music and French, the making of little stories and poems, and all kinds of constructive play, form the basis of her work, which is spirited and informal in feeling.

■ ■

Mrs. Mary Young Hunter, who has been north studying with the modern painter, Vytlacil, has returned to her cottage on Torres near Ocean. She plans to maintain studios in both Carmel and Berkeley during the coming winter.

■ ■

Pearl Hossack Whitcomb, singer and vocal instructor, of San Francisco, and Viola Semler, portrait photographer, of Pittsburgh have taken a cottage in Carmel.

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COMPOSER
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COMPOSER
PIANIST**GRIFFIN**
PIANIST**A FREUDIAN ANALYST
IN CARMEL**

Miss Grace Potter, the first woman to study psycho-analysis under Freud in Vienna, lectured in Carmel on Sunday afternoon at the home of Catherine Morgan on Carmelo.

Miss Potter described particularly the work of the psycho-analysis of children, and the processes by which, in various instances, conditions of psychic ill-health, of physical malnutrition, or the like are overcome by a study of the content of the unconscious. It is the individual himself, and not the analyst, Miss Potter pointed out, who must make his own discoveries; it is contrary to psycho-analytical method to "tell" or to advise.

The psycho-analysis of Freud is less familiar to the Pacific coast than is that of Jung. The differences in both method and in the general bases of procedure were evident as Miss Potter proceeded.

The student of Jung advocates analysis in both health and illth. The Freudian advise it only in cases of some real disharmony within the individual. It is too painful to endure unless some disorder necessitates it.

Its purpose and method are to bring the unconscious to the surface of consciousness, and to harmonize the two for the achievement of a balanced life. In many individuals the conflict between the unconscious and the conscious bring about grotesque and apparently irrelevant behavior. Fear, or unconscious reluctance bring about even serious physical illnesses. Miss Potter's symbolic example was that of the individual who has accepted an advantageous teaching appointment in Canton, China, but is unaware that he has a strong disinclination to go; who therefore falls on the gangplank of the ship about to depart, or develops a digestive ailment, to prevent his going. In such a case, a bringing of the unconscious wish to consciousness might have saved a broken leg.

The most satisfactory harmonization between the conscious and the unconscious occur when the individual loves. Psycho-analysis therefore needs a state of love in order to bring this about. Unless the patient makes a "transference" of the mother, the father, or the lover-image, to the analyst, the procedure cannot be successful.

The most harmonious individual is the least thwarted one. The thwarted individual carries about with him suppressions, builds up a bulwark of compensations, invents within his conscious life a picture of satisfactions which the unconscious perhaps vehemently and painfully repudiates. The Freudian does not say that the individual must, or may, accomplish all his desires; he says however that the most harmonious individual is the one who most accomplishes his desires.

The balanced human being loves him-

THE CARMELITE, August 21, 1929

self, loves outwardly toward another human being, and shows a third sort of love in the work he does. This last is the expression of his love of his world. Many individuals suffer from a lack of self-love Miss Potter astonishingly pointed out; they have been denied this flowering in childhood perhaps, by parents who belittled what they did and were; and they consequently suffer a serious psychic injury, are opposed by a sense of guilt or of inadequacy. Psycho-analysis often has to bring about a re-(and higher) valuation of himself by the individual.

To the individual who suffers from some psychic disorder the psycho-analyst offers that understanding which is equivalent to love. The analysis proceeds upon a basis more complete than that of mere intellection.

Miss Potter finely illustrated in herself that balance and inner harmony which result from a harmonization of the conscious and the unconscious. Questions from her audience, and informal discussion, continued after the lecture and rounded out a rewarding afternoon.

**EXPANSION OF THE
DOUGLAS SCHOOL**

The Del Monte Properties Company has transferred ten acres of land on Forest Lake Road, Pebble Beach, to Mrs. Grace Parsons Douglas, for the Douglas School for Boys. The property is situated half a mile from the present holdings of the Douglas School for Girls.

The new acquisition will be utilized as a boys' ranch school, with its scholastic program supplemented by outdoor activities, including riding, swimming, archery, tennis, and rifle practice.

**THE GOLF HEGIRA
UNDER WAY**

Drawn hither largely by the prowess of Mr. Robert Tyre Jones, Junior, of Atlanta, Georgia, the vanguard of devotees of the "ancient and royal game" has commenced to assemble in preparation for the National Amateur Championship matches to be played at Pebble Beach September second to seventh.

With expectations of fifteen thousand visitors, residential accommodations are at a premium. Rentals are slightly higher than the usually prevailing standards; sufficiently higher in fact, to suggest to at least one Carmel resident that he occupy his garage and sub-let his house for tournament week.

VOICI

... the boulevard cafe has come to Carmel. Curtis'. Two tables and four chairs as a start. But the boulevardiers are hesitant.

SUMMER EVENING IN HOLLYWOOD

A warm evening strollers down Hollywood Boulevard are hatless and unsleeved. Although electric signs flash glitteringly and with all sorts of rapid twinkles, the movement of pedestrians is slow and charmingly casual.

The drift is toward the Bowl. Up Highland Avenue, swinging the curves. Day is over. The semi-tropical night is for play.

The traffic thickens and converges. About the entrance to the Bowl it seethes. Roars and hums of all pitches. Whistles of traffic officers and gonging of traffic signals. Red lights. Green. Whistle. "Keep to the right." Nineteen thousand people passing within the entrance gates between eight and eight-fifteen,—a pretty hullabaloo.

The gregarious human race rejoices in its massed oneness. "Here we all are. Gee, ain't it great?"

Culture, when so massively presented, becomes fashionable,—that is to say, popular,—in Hollywood. Nineteen thousand (the newspapers tomorrow will call them twenty-five) human beings,—who are they? Grocers, milliners, movie directors and extras, Japanese fruit vendors, architects, barbers, school teachers,—pouring down the throat of this canyon into a mountain hollow to sit under the stars while music plays.

Four nights a week. Every night in the summer.

And sometimes there are thirty-thousand people instead of nineteen.

It makes a stupendous picture.

The converging arches of the distant acoustic shell within which the orchestral hum now begins have architectural dignity. (Is it believable? Here is something architecturally good. Flawed at the sides, it is true, with a trifle of flamboyant irrelevance. Nevertheless, its general excellence warms the heart.)

The orchestra is assembled and tuned, so far away that no player is more than a symbolic spot to look at. We, the masses of the nineteen thousand sit here in our solid flanks,—and our waiting silence, now that Goossens has lifted his baton, is like a vast hum.

Upon that silence now the first drops of tone fall, liquid bits flung by the violins. Amazing clarity flung toward the clarity of the stars.

The audience sinks in bliss. In the darkness arms encircle forms. (And why not?) An occasional solitary cigarette sends its

puff up into air. Vast are comfort and content.

The orchestra is a mere detail in the magnificence of the whole. But it is a miracle of musicianship. Smooth as an olive. The suave horns; the ecstatic violins; the trombones glittering before the dim thunder of the tympani. The rhythms how crisp, how fertile, how right. (The tempi of Goossens refined to the last shadow.)

Conductor and orchestra subside in momentary silence, and the tides of applause break from the audience. Tumult and talk.

Upon the platform stalks a gaunt and gracious figure,—Robert Schmitz, pianist, about to play the Tansman concerto. Charlie Chaplin's concerto, we are informed.

The piano is a chamber instrument. It requires the presence of surrounding objects for resonance. Out of doors it is stringy and angular. Its tones spiced rather than honeyed. They clatter and crash about like noisy ghosts.

Schmitz makes the most of this.

During the intermission the audience mulls about. Anne Dare's box is filled with callers. Hertz, since he is not conducting tonight, and his wife, Lilli, also receive their flocks. Hollywood knows how to make its gestures with charm.

After the Respighi, home,—the nineteen thousand, in their motor cars, their trolley cars, and on foot, winding their way up into the Hollywood hills to their toy bungalows, to their overstuffed furniture and their radios, or to slow dallying under the pepper trees.

By night Hollywood is a city of play. The banana trees stand with solemn humor in the semi-tropical, the velvet, dark; and the air is heavy with perfume from many gardens. From the hills the little houses look out over ten, twenty, fifty miles of sparkling city below,—Los Angeles glittering into sleep.

P. Z.

ANTON ROVINSKY TURNS TO AUTHORSHIP

Anton Rovinsky, pianist, whose designation of jazz as "robot music" has been widely quoted and commented upon in the press, is elaborating the idea in an essay which he is preparing for early publication. He believes that the mechanization of music is one of the gravest dangers which art faces today, and that the rhythmic monotony of jazz is a symptom of a standardizing process which should be regarded with concern.

"Variety is more than the spice of life," he says, "it is the very essence of life. Music, which expresses in tone the evolution of our higher faculties, should become ever richer and more expressive instead of degenerating into barbaric poverty."

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SEVEN ARTS
BUILDING

THE SAN FRANCISCO SEASON

The San Francisco Opera Company will present its seventh annual season from September twelfth to thirtieth. Included in the repertoire are the inevitable familiar—"Aida," "Pagliacci" and "Faust"; "Rigoletto," "Il Trovatore" and "Martha," "Barber of Seville," "La Boheme," and "Manon." Three other works—"The Elixir of Life," "Don Pasquale," and "Hansel and Gretel"—are being presented by the company for the first time.

Maintained by an association with a membership of twenty-five hundred, the company is the outgrowth of a plan to provide San Francisco artists an opportunity to appear with outstanding artists of the day. The association supports a school, from which group the chorus and singers for minor roles are selected by competition. The scenery and costumes are the handiwork of San Francisco artisans; the orchestra is drawn from the San Francisco Symphony. Thus is built up from local material the complete operatic background for the artists secured for the principal roles.

The schedule for the season follows:

"Rigoletto," September twelfth.
"Hansel and Gretel" Saturday matinee, fourteenth.
"The Elixir of Love" Saturday night, fourteenth.
"Il Trovatore" sixteenth.
"The Barber of Seville," eighteenth.
"La Boheme" twentieth.
"Gianni Schichi and Pagliacci" twenty-first.
"Martha" twenty-third.
"Aida" twenty-fifth.
"Faust" twenty-eighth.
"Manon" thirtieth.

■ ■

Andre Ferrier's Little Theatre of Art will open its tenth season on August thirtieth, with the production of Courte-line's "Le Gendarme est sans Pitié" (one-act) and "Boubouroche" (in two-acts) from the Comédie Francaise.

DOCTORING THE CRIMINAL LAW

A report on the results of the application of the 1927 amendments in criminal law and procedure will be made to the annual convention of the California State Bar Association opening at Del Monte, October tenth.

Radical changes in pleas, filing of informations and legislation to speed up criminal procedure were attempted by the 1927 amendments and although sub-committee reports have generally shown the changes to have accomplished the results sought, there have been criticisms. These criticisms will be aired before the convention and the faults of the new legislation placed in the hands of remedial committees.



EARTH WOMAN

from the Blanding Sloan puppet play "The Sky Girl."

PROPAGANDA IN LOS ANGELES

Miss Aline Barnsdall of Los Angeles is a woman of convictions.

Fortunately she is free to utter them.

At the foot of Olive Hill, of which some time since she made the top a gift to the city as a park, she has now had put great signboards.

Do they advertise a new brand of cigarettes? Hosiery? A new movie?

No, they advertise justice. And injustice.

On these boards are lifted the words of senators, a judge, a clergyman, in the matter of the Mooney case. These men believe that Mooney is innocent of the crime for which he was convicted. These are men of "standard" respectability.

All the world as it passes by Hollywood Boulevard where it converges upon Sunset in Hollywood, is going to know the convictions of these men.

CONSERVATIVE MUSIC IN RADICAL RUSSIA

(At last Wednesday morning's recital, Henry Cowell outlined his impressions of the musical situation in Soviet Russia. Coincidentally, there appeared in "The New Republic" of the same date an article sent by the composer from Moscow, here reproduced in a slightly condensed form.)

Under the Soviet, most of the arts in Russia have been consciously modernized. The theater is more experimental than in any other country today; literature is used for the popularizing of communistic ideals. But music is a more abstract art, and the conservative theorists who were influenced before the Revolution have succeeded, on the whole, in convincing the Soviet leaders that giving all the people the opportunity to listen to musical performances is the expression of Communism in music. These same conservatives shrewdly protest against any departures in composition, on the ground that complexities make music hard for the average person to perform and impossible for most people to appreciate. Consequently, many thousands of Communists are being taught much of the music of Old Russia as well as the classics of other countries. This, of course, is an excellent thing, and is laying a foundation of cultivated musical taste among the people. The irony of the situation is that the taste that is being instilled is for music expressing the bourgeois feelings of the nineteenth century—the very moods that are censored by the Soviets in all the other arts. Old tunes often have new words set to them; and it is assumed, somewhat naively, that if the words are revolutionary, the music must be also. The conservatives foster the notion among young composers that to be communistic in their new music, they must write the same simple sort of tunes the folk have always sung. The introduction of new musical elements would be the wicked voice of individualism. Thus, much of the new life that might have come into Russian composition through the political changes has been sidetracked into conservative channels.

On the other hand, the management of the State Conservatory itself seems to be in direct contradiction to this attitude, for more freedom of composition is allowed there than in any similar institution I have ever visited. But Russia has always been the home of contradictions. Many of the professors in the Conservatory are young men, and encourage their pupils in a style that shows the influence of Scriabine and Moussorgsky: this is considered highly modern. Contemporary music is more thoroughly taught in the Conservatory than in most schools in other lands. It is played even on official programs, and the most modern music that is being written in Russia comes from these professors and students. In most countries, the music schools are the strong-

holds of conservatism, and the teachers prevent progress by condemning innovations as contrary to musical law or precedent. Here the followers of the old school try to prevent change, not on musical grounds, but by arguing that the music of the radical professors does not express communistic ideals!

The result of all this is that music of most of the young Russians contains some contemporary dissonances, and makes some showing of being modern, but does not adventure beyond a certain middle level. Apparently public opinion will not allow it to do so, and on the whole the composers have gone as far as they dared. The standard of technique of composition is high; the range of material strikingly uniform. The music is clearly influenced by Scriabine and Tchaikowsky; frequently the names of the individual composers might be interchanged without the listener being aware of any change in style. And this common style is one that would be considered frankly reactionary in other lands.

This situation tends to throw many musical workers into other fields than composition. The State Department of Musicology, which includes all branches of knowledge about music, contains amazing musical genius, which under ordinary circumstances would probably be devoted to composition. Nowhere else in the world are so many new instruments being devised for the discovery of scientific facts of importance to music.

There are, of course, many instances in which the Russian workers produce their own music; but the music is commonplace. The interesting thing is that it is made by a worker, not that it is exceptional music. There is one spontaneous effort on the part of the workers, however, which seems to promise a music springing from the people in their time of amusement, and which would be different from any other music in the world. All over Russia the workers gather in the evening, and hold improvised theatricals: the actors devise make-shift costumes on the spur of the moment, and the dialogue is made up as they go along; the stage may be only a few boxes in a part of a room. As an accompaniment to these theatricals, there is often music, improvised to suit the actions, or the mood. The spirit of play in which the whole thing is done prevents it from being taken with immediate seriousness; nevertheless, the music I hear at these entertainments is like nothing else in the world, and contains an amazing amount of humorous aptness. Such gatherings are so far removed from pedantry of any sort that the music shows hardly a trace of scholastic influence, and seems as free as the singing of a peasant in the field. It represents a quintessence of instrumental effectiveness, and is a sort of folk-music of the Russian city.

This carefree and little-thought-of music is the most promising thing I see toward a real music of the new Russian workers.

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Editorial . . .

JUDICIAL BACKFIRE

That muchly cherished institution, the "freedom of the press," has again emerged victorious from one of its periodic tussles with would-be restraining forces.

Hyland L. Baggerly, publisher of the Los Gatos "Mail-News," took editorial exception to a sentence passed by Police Judge Percy O'Connor on a San Francisco "society" girl brought before him for infractions of the traffic laws, the implication seemingly having been that the honorable judge was influenced by the wealth and position of the accused. Judge O'Connor, in haste to preserve his judicial sacrosanctity, had Baggerly lodged in jail on a charge of criminal libel. Before the case reached a preliminary hearing it had assumed proportions doubtlessly beyond the expectations of the complainant; if the action had been civil rather than criminal it is improbable that the case would have gone to trial.

It did go to trial, however—at San Jose last week—and after a polite exchange between prosecuting counsel and the defendant, in which it developed that no malice had been intended, that Baggerly had not attacked the honesty or integrity of the judge, nor had he accused him of "misfeasance, nonfeasance or malfeasance," the charge was dismissed.

Net results:

The "freedom of the press" remains more or less intact;

Mr. Baggerly and his newspaper have re-

ceived a plenitude of publicity;
and—

A forceful movement is afoot to bring about a grand jury investigation of Judge O'Connor's action in the case which inspired Baggerly's comments.

PROFESSOR VEBLEN: A TRIBUTE

With the death of Thorstein Veblen at Palo Alto on August third, there passed from the scene an economist whose theories, to quote "The Nation," had "a far-reaching influence on American thinking. He taught at Chicago, Leland Stanford, and Missouri universities, and since 1918 at the New School for Social Research in New York City, exercising a profound influence on successive generations of students. But he was known to a far wider audience through his books and other writings. The ideas and the phrases of 'The Theory of the Leisure Class,' which appeared thirty years ago, have already become coin of the intellectual realm, and the very school boy of today knows about the canons of conspicuous consumption and the other whimsical realities of that delightful classic.

"Professor Veblen's mordant wit, his extraordinary gift of phrase-making, and his uncanny power of discovering wholly new meanings in old facts gave to his writings an appeal wider than their purely scientific interest, and have already extended his influence far beyond the ranks of the technical economists. But within that fraternity probably no man, unless it be the late Simon N. Patten, had done more to shake thinking out of its old ruts, and to open the way for new truths to be received into the accepted body of theory.

THE SUMMER REDWOODS

Only stand high a long enough time your lightning will
come: that is what blunts the peaks of redwoods:
But this old tower of life on the hilltop has taken it more
than twice a century, this knows in every
Cell the salty and the burning taste, the shudder and the voice.

The fire from heaven; it has felt the earth's too
Roaring up hill in autumn, thorned oak-leaves tossing
their bright ruin to the bitter laurel-leaves, and all
Its under-forest has died and died, and lives to be burnt;
the redwood has lived. Though the fire entered,
It cored the trunk while the sapwood increased. The trunk
is a tower; the bole of the trunk is a black cavern,
The mast of the trunk with its green boughs the mountain
stars are strained through
It is like the hill's finger in heaven. And when the cloud
lit blue or hidden in cloud
It is like the hill's finger in heaven. And when the cloud
hides it, though in barren summer, the boughs
Make their own rain . . .

—Robinson Jeffers

Professor Veblen's fruitful distinction between the pecuniary and the industrial functions of the business man is one of the basic ideas of contemporary economic analysis, and his emphasis on "use and wont" is perhaps the very source of that whole stream of thought known as institutional economics."

THE HIGHER "T"

The editorial note prefacing Henriette Michelson's article on Gurdieff in last week's issue of The Carmelite has been erroneously construed as suggesting that the author set out to satirize Mr. A. E. Orage's interpretation of the Gurdieff theories.

Such was not Miss Michelson's intention. Her article represented merely her own reaction to the teachings of the Gurdieff Institute without any relation to what others may have drawn from the same source.

Correspondence

BUHLIG

To the Editor
of The Carmelite:

Richard Buhlig comes not as a composer, not as a performer in the sense of a performance, not as an interpreter to the hearer. He comes with humility and reverence. Through his musicianship he presents great works for the piano. Underneath, above and within the works is felt a fine, full expression of one who has understood, has felt. It is music to those who with humility hear.

W. H.

JUDGE GRIFFIN AND THE MOONEY CASE

(The accumulated evidence in the Mooney case has received added weight from the recapitulation made by Superior Judge Franklin A. Griffin before a Los Angeles mass meeting. Presenting the rare and courageous spectacle of a presiding judge in a criminal case reversing himself in the light of developments subsequent to a conviction, Judge Griffin summarized the factors which have led him to the conclusion that "no fair-minded person who will familiarize himself with the details of the truth of the Mooney case will now deny that Mooney is entitled to be pardoned.")

By FRANKLIN A. GRIFFIN
San Francisco Superior Judge

My interest in the Mooney case does not arise out of any personal relation with or personal feeling for Mooney himself, for I have no belief in nor sympathy with any of his alleged beliefs or doctrines, and such political and economic principles as he is alleged to hold are as far separate from my own as are the north and south poles.

I have, however, a deep personal interest in the case of the People of the State of California vs. Thomas J. Mooney for the reason that in that case, in the court over which I presided, it has been demonstrated beyond all doubt that a gross miscarriage of justice occurred, and believing as I do that a court of justice means just exactly what those words imply and that such a forum is erected with the purpose of ascertaining the truth of the issues submitted to it, and having the further belief that no man, whatever his personal conviction, opinions or belief should be denied justice, my sense of duty has led me to advocate the pardon of Mooney.

At the trial of Mooney there were four witnesses, and four only, who connected him at all with the crime which was committed at Steuart and Market streets on Preparedness Day. They were John McDonald, Mrs. Nellie Edau and her daughter, Sadie, and Frank C. Oxman.

Of these, Oxman and McDonald placed him at the scene of the crime and the Edaus testified to his presence at 721 Market street, from which point it was contended that Mooney and his co-defendant, Weinberg, Mrs. Mooney and Billings, drove in Weinberg's jitney to the place of the crime.

The testimony of the Edaus is important only for the reason that it tends to corroborate that of Oxman, who swore that he saw the same four people arrive at Steuart and Market streets in the same conveyance in a short time after its departure from the Edaus' observation.

The testimony of McDonald is inherently

untrue and is shown to be false by photographs of the Preparedness Day parade on its arrival at Mason and Market streets innocently taken by one Hamilton, an employe of Eiler's Music Company, which by some fortuitous accident embraced a part of the roof of the building from which they were taken, over a mile and a quarter distant from the bomb explosion, and which disclosed the presence of Mooney and Mrs. Mooney upon the roof at the very moment that McDonald testified to their presence at the scene of the crime.

These pictures were suppressed and sequestered by the district attorney and were produced by him only after he had been directed by court order to produce them.

In addition to these circumstances, far more important is the fact that McDonald has since confessed under oath that his testimony was perjured and was given under promise of sharing the reward offered for the conviction of the perpetrators of the bomb outrage.

Testimony of the Edaus has been entirely discredited by two members of the Oakland Police Department, Inspector Smith and Captain Peterson, formerly Chief of Police, and Captain Charles Goff, of the San Francisco Police Department.

The sworn testimony of these police officials produced at the trial of Mrs. Rena Mooney and Israel Weinberg, discloses that a few days after this tragedy at Steuart and Market streets, Nellie Edau called on the Oakland officials and then informed them that they were present at the scene of the crime and saw the perpetrators thereof.

She was thereupon taken by Inspector Smith to San Francisco where the defendants who were then under arrest were shown her, and in the presence of Inspector Smith and Captain Goff she not only stated that she could not identify them but that they were not the guilty parties.

Subsequently in explanation of these irreconcilable statements, Mrs. Edau stated that she and her daughter were at Steuart and Market streets "in their astral bodies." I may add that Weinberg and Mrs. Mooney were, upon their trial, acquitted.

Frank C. Oxman was by far the most important witness produced by the State against Mooney. He did not testify in the trial of any of the other defendants. His testimony was unshaken on cross-examination and his appearance bore out his statements that he was a reputable cattle dealer and land-owner from the State of Oregon.

There is no question but that he made a profound impression upon the jury, and upon all of those who listened to his testimony. And there is now no doubt that his story was the turning point in the Mooney case and that he is the pivot around which all the other evidence in

the case revolves.

It was because of the importance of this witness and his naive simplicity on the witness stand that when the disclosures of the letters he had written to Ed Rigall and his mother was had, I requested the Attorney General to ask for a new trial of the Mooney case, then pending before the Supreme Court.

These letters are a plain attempt on the part of Oxman to suborn perjury and it has been since demonstrated that Oxman's testimony is entirely false and that he himself was guilty of perjury. It now appears that at the time Oxman says he was in San Francisco, he was in reality in the town of Woodland and that he did not leave there until after the bomb exploded at Steuart and Market streets and did not arrive in San Francisco until 5:30 p. m. that day, shortly after which time he registered at the Terminal Hotel, located one-half block from the Ferry Building.

These facts are established by the testimony of Mr. and Mrs. Hatcher, of Woodland, at whose home Oxman visited during his stay in Woodland, and by Oxman's admittedly genuine signature on the date of July 22, 1916, on the register of the Byrnes Hotel at Woodland, California.

The testimony of the Hatcher's is a matter of public record in the proceedings of the Grand Jury of this city and county which investigated the Oxman testimony some years after the trial of Mooney.

Later it has been shown by the statements of Draper Hand, a member of the police department of this city, who was detailed by those in charge of the Mooney case to look after Oxman at the time, that Oxman had never seen the automobile-jitney of Weinberg until it was shown him in the place in which it had been sequestered by the authorities after Weinberg's arrest; that he did not know the license number of the automobile until it had been told him; and that he had never seen either Mooney or his co-defendants until they had been pointed out to him after their arrest and while they were confined in the county jail.

The detailed story of the Mooney case is far too long to be embraced within the space allotted me. Suffice it to say that every witness who testified against Mooney has been shown by facts and circumstances developed since his trial, and which are incontrovertible, to have testified falsely.

There is now no evidence against him, there is not a serious suggestion that any exists.

In the face of this demonstrated perjury in the light of its wilful presentation to the jury trying Mooney, and in view of the wilful suppression at the time of all evidence favorable to him, no fair-minded person who will familiarize himself with the details of the truth of the Mooney case will now deny that Mooney is entitled to be pardoned.



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EDUCATING FOR THE NEW AGE

(The following is an excerpt from a lengthy article by Dr. Harry Allen Overstreet in "Progressive Education." Dr. Overstreet is head of the Department of Philosophy, College of New York, author of "Influencing Human Behavior" and "About Ourselves," and incidentally is a brother of Carmel's postmaster, Mr. W. L. Overstreet.)

If I were to venture a prophecy about the future of education—and venturing prophecies is dangerous business—I should say that the education of the future, like the civilization of the future, will have upon it the impress of a newly emerging spirit. Shall I be considered too recreant to my sex if I suggest that the newly emerging spirit is that of liberated womanhood? The spirit of traditional education has been that of traditional maleness. It has been individualistic, rationalistic, militaristic, competitive. There is no need of describing these in detail. A word about each will suffice. Every school-room was the scene of authority—the authority of the teacher over the pupil. To take orders, to execute them, to report as required, to be rewarded or punished—these were the functions of the child. To be regimented, to move with the mass, to keep step—these were what parents and teachers expected. Again, every school-room was the scene of continuous competition. John failed: his failure was an opportunity for Thomas to show off his superior erudition. That was a day-long and a year-long process which repeated in the little the bigger competitions in the male-made world of business and industry. Each was for himself, and the devil—or the principal, or the truant officer—took the hindmost. Finally, every school-room was a place for learning facts—geographic, arithmetic, grammatical, historical. The necessary thing in life was knowledge, for knowledge was power.

Much of all this was necessary, of course. The human individual needs discipline, needs to recognize his own failures, needs to learn the lessons of obedience; above all, needs knowledge. And it might all have been finely successful had there not been absent that which should have been the mainspring of it all. There was little thought of helping our children to grow into lovely individuals, gracious in thought as well as learned, eager for fellowship, hospitable to the views of others, individuals with a love of all beautiful things are beautiful relationships. And so we have had the somewhat disappointing spectacle of a fairly expensive school system turning out individuals moderately efficient, capable in the art of getting ahead, but, for the most part, with personalities crude and unlovely. But that has been the story, also, of the male-made world. Up to the recent decades, its most typical occupations have been ruth-

THE CARMELITE, August 21, 1929

less—war, and competitive industry. There have been exceptions, of course, as in the case of scientists, philosophers, and artists. But the typical pattern of the male-made world has been individualistic, competitive, and warlike.

Apart from the exceptions mentioned, the one spot of loveliness in the world has been the family, where a different spirit has, under some difficulties, prevailed. It has been the spirit of nurture, of mutual consideration, of giving as well as taking, of joy in the success of others, of working for a common end. In short, the spirit of the family has been one of vital and creative togetherness. This spirit should long since have prevailed in all the other relationships of our world; but it could not prevail, because the woman, who was its creator, was rather hopelessly subordinated to the male. In a male-dominated world love was indeed beautiful in a way, but it was soft, effeminate. Life was for hardness, for winning. Life was for power—which typically meant power over, not power with.

But the times have significantly changed. Woman has not only emerged from her subordination, she is taking an increasingly directive part in the shaping of a new civilization. The stamp of her spirit is beginning to be impressed upon all our institutions.

That we are ashamed of war is the woman-spirit prevailing over the ancient male. That we begin to humanize our industries is evidence of the woman-spirit. That we are changing marriage from an institution of male supremacy to one of the companionship of equals, again is evidence of the spirit of woman prevailing.

The same thing is happening in education. We are awakening to the belief that the central task of our schools is to develop finely humanized, as well as thoroughly efficient, individuals. Perhaps we are leaning over backwards in our present doubt as to the value of the multitude of facts that we have been accustomed to stuff into the minds of our children. Nevertheless, we begin to feel that it is their emotions that count just as deeply as their intellects. Do they love graciousness of bearing, of voice, of behavior? Are they generous? Are they "in love with high, far-seeing places?" Can they work eagerly and creatively together? Have they that which will go singing through their lives, making impossible the intrusion of pettiness, cowardice, meanness?

This is what the new spirit is asking of the schools. Can they build us men and women—whole men and women—not clever-brained simply, not "swift winners in life's race," but men and women emotionally equipped to take their part in life with a spirit of fine togetherness? It is the answer to that question. What will build the future education. What will it make of our schools and our colleges? What will it add to them that they do not now possess?

THE GLORY OF ZAUSCHNERIA

Now is *Zauschneria Californica* beginning its brilliant career. Up Chew's Ridge, down the coast, on many a rocky hillside, and even close down to the ocean's edge, this glorious plant is brightening the landscape with its scarlet-vermillion tubes. From now until the end of the year, in some part of the southwest, it will paint vivid patches upon the countryside.

Zauschneria, "wild fuchsia" or "humming-bird trumpet," is a low, rather scraggy plant with small gray-green leaves and is such a good subject for a dry, uncared-for rockery where it may have freedom to roam, that one wonders why it is not universally grown. The stems lean over from sloping ground with an upward, inquisitive turn, and round their tips cluster gay funnels, one to two inches in length. Both calyx and corolla are scarlet and the stamens protrude from the ruffled opening of the flower.

The early settlers, utilitarian by force of circumstance, seemed to have a practical use for every plant except poison oak, and are said to have made a wash from *Zauschneria* to use for bruises and cuts. The plant is named for Zauschner, an eminent German botanist.

—Lester Rowntree

FIESTA

(Impressions of one who did not attend)

Padres
Pirates
Peanuts

Princes
Potentates
Pop-corn

Caballeros
Cowboys
Chewing gum

Soldiers
Sailors
Sandwiches

Dons
Donnas
Din

AMONG OTHER VISITORS . . .

During the past few weeks we have been treated to the sight of tame deer venturing down into the streets of Carmel from the back country and from Pacific Grove comes the report that small boys were seen chasing two young deer from the streets back into the wooded section above the city.

Protection offered wild game on the Peninsula has given them courage to venture down into the inhabited sections and it is not uncommon to observe them grazing along the Monterey-Carmel road.



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BABY ASLEEP

—Helen Hoyt

My own life, lying in this bed!
That little hand under the chin is mine,
The chin, the pillowed forehead, a piece
of me.

My cheeks are those serene, soft cheeks;
From my blood is the blood that flushes
them.

Red-blossomed mouth, you budded from
my branch,
Bent elbow, little bending wrist,
You are bending with my bones,

The hand, loose-fallen on the coverlet,
Has dropped there, fallen from me,
Like a leaf from its bough.

Curled ear, tiny nostril,
Limbs shed from my limbs,
Are you me, did I make you?

Your eyes are closed, asleep; but my eyes
Look down on your sleep.
I lay my hand on your hair: you do not
wake.

I am awake, but a part of me is asleep.
How strange that you are me, that I
became you!

My own life lies there, before me, sep-
arate from me.

A shadow of my thought dreams in that
sleeping head:

A piece, a shadow, of my own death
Hovers over this bed!

Juvenilia . . .

(Adult readers habitually demand adult poetry,—and continue to misunderstand the younger generation. Yet the fantasy of the younger generation, which finds free expression in poetic writing,—provides a key to understanding. Turning the key,—we find the same impulses and the same search, which drove us on our way. The Carmelite will occasionally publish the serious work of adolescents. Cornelia Carter lives in Carmel and is fifteen years old.)

QUERY

A moon—drifted across with listless clouds. . .

A minor melody sung by silver waves. . .
Stars—remote and wakeful in the dreamless night. . .

A soul—scarce understanding the great Silence which speaks in an unknown tongue. . .

Seeking to fathom the vastness,
The infinite calm of the heavens. . .
Wherein lies the strangeness of the hour?
What is that for which my heart cries
in the darkness?

Far off a glimmer of light.
Gropingly I reach toward the one who
holds it aloft. . .

Faintly illumined are faces of an army of
seekers such as I. . .

Their questioning voices reach me in this
eternity of space. . .

We cry with one voice to the bearer of
light,

But only an echo, hideous in mockery of
our beseeching, returns,

And a query rises from the bewilderment
of the search:

"Is the bearer of light then also a seek-
er?"

—Cornelia Carter.

POETRY OF DREAMS

Unfolding in the purple twilight
Embroidered with stars,

Poetry—sung in exalted music

Of the wind in high tree tops;

Poetry—in the foam of opaque waves;

In the misty silver crescent

Of this low-hanging moon;

In the fragrant velvet of the air;

Poetry—woven into dreams at nightfall.

—Cornelia Carter

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Daisy, Princess of Pless, by Herself.
Hergesheimer: Swords and Roses
Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson.
Also her Complete Poems and Further Poems
Letters of Katherine Mansfield.
Matthiessen: Sarah Orne Jewett
Lewishon: Mid-Channel

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Van Duke: In Java
Wright: The Great Horn Spoon
Fay: The American Experiment
Frank: Re-discovery of America

POETRY AND DRAMA:

Wylie: Angels and Earthly Creatures
Frost: West-runnin Brook
Galsworthy: Escape
Sheriff: Journey's end.

SCIENCE:

Schubert: The Earth and its Rhythms
Brewster: This Puzzling Planet
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Lucas: The Health of the Run-about Child
Fishbein: Your Weight and How to Control It

MISCELLANEOUS:

Koues: Decorating the House
Fox: Patio Gardens
Johnson: Children in the Nursery School
Williams: Catholicism and the Modern Mind
Barrett: While Peter Sleeps
Ellsberg: On the Bottom
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" Ghond the hunter

FICTION

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Warner: The True Heart
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Peterkin: Scarlet Sister Mary
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Bromfield: Awake and Rehearse
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Green: Last September
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Things we didn't know about the Library, gleaned from the Librarian's annual report:

Fifty-seven per cent of the population of Carmel are registered borrowers from the Library.

Annual circulation per capita is fifteen books.

Out of a total circulation of 39,738 books and periodicals, fiction accounts for 29,384.

Registrations increased over one hundred per cent between July 1928 and July 1929, and the number of volumes catalogued was more than doubled during the same period.

The cost of circulation per book is seventeen cents.

BEST SELLERS

Best selling books throughout the United States are reported by a New York trade publication as follows:

Fiction: "All Quiet on the Western Front" (Remarque); "Dodsworth" (Sinclair Lewis); "Dark Hester" Ann Douglas Sedwick); "Scarlet Sister Mary" (Julia Peterkin); "Young Mrs. Greeley" (Booth Tarkington).

Non-fiction: "Henry the Eighth" (Francis Hackett); "The Art of Thinking" (Ernest Dimnet); "A Preface to Morals" (Walter Lippmann); "Salt Water Taffy" (Corey Ford); "The Cradle of the Deep" (Joan Lowell).

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